

The Tragedie of Hamlet

To make oppression bitter, or ere this
I should have fatted all the region kytes
VVith this flauies offall, bloody, bawdy villaine,
Remorselesse, treacherous, lcherous, kindlesse villaine.
VVhy what an Affe am I? this is most braue,
That I the sonne of a deere father murdered,
Prompted to my reuenge by heauen and hell,
Must like a whore vnpack my heart with words,
And fal a cursing like a very drabbe; stallion, sic vppont, foh.
About my braines, hum, I haue heard,
That guiltie creatures sitting at a play,
Haue by the very cunning of the Scene,
Beene strooke so to the soule, that presently
They haue proclaim'd their makfactions:
For murder though it haue no tongue will speake
With most miraculous organ. Ile haue these Players
Play somthing like the murder of my father
Before mine Vncle, Ile obserue his lookes,
Ile tent him to the quick, if a do blench
I know my course. The spirit that I haue seene
May be a diuell, and the diuell hath power
T'assume a pleasing shape; yea and perhaps,
Out of my weaknesse and my melancholly,
As he is very potent with such spirits,
Abuses me to damne me; Ile haue grounds
More relatiue then this, the play's the thing
VVherein Ile catch the conscience of the King. *Exit.*

Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrans, Guildenstjerne, Lords

King. And can you by no drift of conference
Get from him why he puts on this confusion,
Grating so harshly all his daies of quiet
VVith turbulent and dangerous lunacie?
Ros. He dooes confesse he feelles himselfe distracted,
But from what cause a will by no meanes speake.
Guy. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded,
But with a crafty madnesse keepes aloofe
VVhen we would bring him on to some confession

Prince of Denmarke.

Of his true state.

Quee. Did he receiue you well?

Ros. Most like a Gentleman.

Guy. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Ros. Niggard of question, but of our demands
Most free in his reply.

Quee. Did you aslay him to any pastime?

Ros. Madam, it so fell out that certaine Players
We ore-raught on the way, of these we told him,
And there did seeme in him a kind of ioy
To heare of it: they are heere about the Court,
And as I thinke, they haue already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. Tis most true.

And he beseecht me to intreat your Maiesties
To heare and see the matter.

King. With all my heart,
And it doth much content me
To heare him so inclin'd.

Good Gentlemen giue him a further edge,
And driue his purpose into these delights.

Ros. We shall my Lord. *Exeunt Ros. & Guy.*

King. Sweet Gertrard, leaue vs two,
For we haue closely sent for Hamlet hether,
That he as t'were by accedent, may heere
Affront Ophelia; her father and my selfe,
VVee'le so bestow our selues, that seeing vs seene,
VVe may of their encounter frankly iudge,
And gather by him as he is behau'd,
If be th'affliction of his loue or no
That thus he suffers for.

Quee. I shall obey you.

And for my part Ophelia I doe wish
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlets wildeesse, so shall I hope your vertues
Will bring him to his wonted way againe,
To both your honours.

Oph. Madam, I wish it may.

Pol. Ophelia walk you here: gracious so please you,

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